THE

Two Wealthy Farmers;

Or, the History of

Mr. BRAGWELL.

PART I.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY B. & J. JOHNSON, No

147 HIGH-STREET.

[Price 4 Cents Or 2s. 4d. per. doz.]

1800.

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ADVANTAGES, &c.

JOHN BROWN was ſervant in the family of a reſpectable Merchant in this city. He had lived there for ſeveral years; and from his regular honeſty, ſobriety and diligence, poſſeſſed the confidence and affection of his maſter. While in that family, he married a fellow-ſervant, a young woman whoſe name was Mary Coates, and they lived for more than ſeven years very happily together. They had one child living, a fine little boy about ſix years old, whom they maintained at a ſchool, kept ſome miles from town by Mary's father. This was thought better than putting him to ſchool in London, as he was under an affectionate relation, [illegible] to the company of [illegible] and his wife got [illegible] their child, [illegible] one

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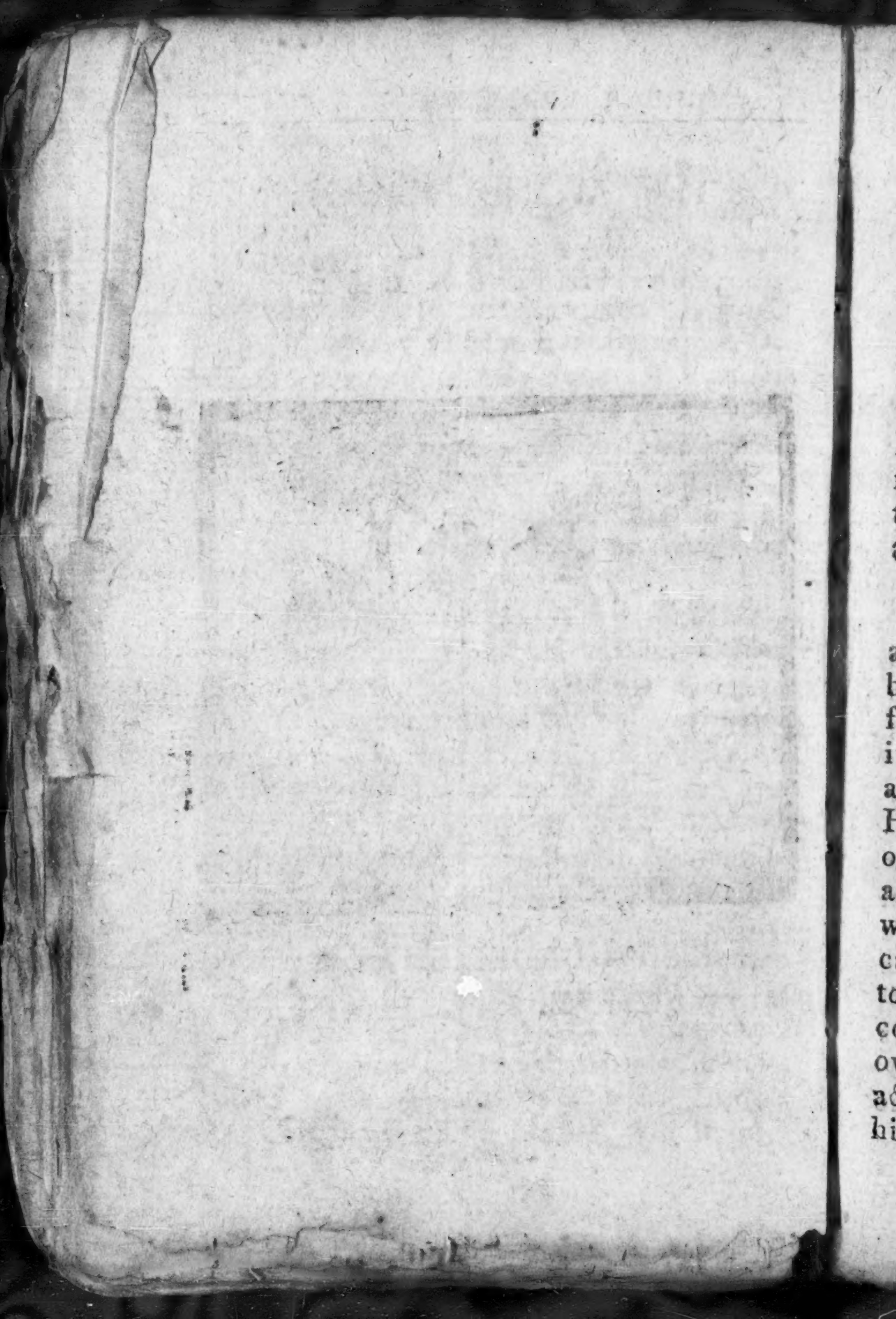

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MR. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy happened to meet laſt year at Weyhill Fair. They were glad to ſee each other as they had but ſeldom met of late; Mr. Bragwell having removed ſome years before from Mr. Worthy's neighbourhood, to a diſtant village where he had bought an Eſtate.

Mr. Bragwell was a ſubſtantial Farmer and Grazier. He had riſen in the world by what worldly men call a run of good fortune. He had alſo been a man of great induſtry; that is, he had paid a diligent and conſtant attention to his own intereſt. He underſtood buſineſs, and had a knack of turning almoſt every thing to his own advantage. He had that ſort of ſenſe which good men call cunning, and knaves call wiſdom. He was too prudent ever to do any thing ſo wrong that the law could take hold of him; yet he was not over ſcrupulous about the morality of an action, when the proſpect of enriching himſelf by it was very great, and the

chance of hurting his character was ſmall. The corn he ſent home to his cuſtomers was not always quite ſo good as the ſamples he had produced at Market, and he now and then forgot to name ſome capital blemiſh in the horſes he ſold at the Fair. He ſcorned to be guilty of the petty frauds of cheating in weights and meaſures, for he thought that was a beggarly ſin; but he valued himſelf on his ſkill in making a bargain, and fancied it ſhewed his knowledge of the world to take advantage of the ignorance of a dealer.

It was his conſtant rule to undervalue every thing he was about to buy, and to overvalue every thing he was about to ſell; but as he prided himſelf on his character he avoided every thing that was very ſhameful, ſo that he was conſidered merely as a hard dealer, and a keen hand at a bargain. Now and then when he had been caught in puſhing his own advantage too far, he contrived to get out of the ſcrape by turning the whole into a jeſt, ſaying it was a good take in, a rare joke and that he had only a mind to divert himſelf with the folly of his neighbour who could be ſo eaſily impoſed on.

Mr. Bragwell had one favourite maxim, namely, that a man's ſucceſs in life was a ſure proof of his wiſdom; and that all failure and misfortune was the conſequence of a man's own folly. As this opinion was firſt taken up by him from vanity and ignorance; ſo it was more and more confirmed by his own proſperity. He ſaw that he himſelf had ſucceeded greatly without either money or education to begin with, and he therefore now deſpiſed every Man, however excellent his character or talents might be, who had not had the ſame ſucceſs in life. His natural diſpoſition was not particularly bad, but proſperity had hardened his heart. He made his own progreſs in life the rule by which the conduct of all other men was to be judged, without any allowance for their peculiar diſadvantages, or the viſitations of Providence. He thought for his part, that every man of ſenſe could command ſucceſs on his undertakings, and control and diſpoſe the events of his own life.

But though he conſidered thoſe who had had leſs ſucceſs than himſelf as no better than fools, yet he did not extend this opi-

nion to Mr. Worthy, whom he looked upon not only as a good but a wise man. They had been bred up when children in the same house, but with this difference, that Worthy was the nephew of the master, and Bragwell the son of the servant.

Bragwell's father had been ploughman in the family of Mr. Worthy's uncle, a sensible man, who farmed a small estate of his own, and who, having no children, bred up young Worthy as his son, instructed him in the business of husbandry and at his death left him his estate. The father of Worthy was a pious Clergyman who lived with his brother the farmer, in order to help out a narrow income. He had bestowed much pains on the instruction of his son, and used frequently to repeat to him a saying which he had picked up in a book, written by one of the greatest men in this Country, "that there were two things with which every man ought to be acquainted, RELIGION AND HIS OWN BUSINESS. While he therefore took care that his son should be made an excellent Farmer, he filled up his leisure hours in improving his mind; so that

young Worthy had read more good Books and underſtood them better than moſt men in his ſtation. His reading however had been chiefly confined to huſbandry and divinity, the two ſubjects which were of the moſt immediate importance to him.

The reader will ſee by this time that Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy were likely to be as oppoſite to each other as two men could well be, who were nearly of the ſame age and condition, and who were neither of them without credit in the world. Bragwell indeed made far the greater figure, for he liked to *cut a dash*, as he called it. And while it was the ſtudy of Worthy to conform to his ſtation, and to ſet a good example to thoſe about him, it was the delight of Bragwell to vie in his way of life with men of larger fortune. He did not ſee how much this vanity raiſed the ill-will of his equals and the contempt of his betters.

His Wife was a notable ſtirring Woman, but vain, violent and ambitious; very ignorant, and very high minded. She had married Bragwell before he was

worth a ſhilling, and as ſhe had brought him a good deal of money, ſhe thought herſelf the grand cauſe of his riſing in the world, and thence took occaſion to govern him moſt completely. Whenever he ventured to oppoſe her ſhe took care to put him in mind, "that he owed every thing to her, that had it not been for her he might ſtill have been ſtumping after a Plow-tail, or ſerving Hogs in old Worthy's Farm-Yard, but that it was ſhe who had made a Gentleman of him. In order to ſet about making him a Gentleman, ſhe began by teazing him till he had turned away all his poor relations who worked in the Farm. She next drew him off from keeping company with his old acquaintance, and at laſt perſuaded him to remove from the place where he had got his money. Poor Woman! ſhe had not ſenſe and virtue enough to ſee how honourable it is for a man to raiſe himſelf in the world by fair means, and then to help forward his poor relations and friends, engaging their ſervice by his kindneſs, and endeavouring to keep want out of his family.

Mrs. Bragwell was an excellent miſtreſs, according to her own notions of excellence, for no one could ſay that ſhe ever loſt an opportunity of ſcolding a ſervant, or was ever guilty of the weakneſs of overlooking a fault. Towards her two daughters her behaviour was far otherwiſe. In them ſhe could ſee nothing but perfections: but her extravagant fondneſs for theſe girls was full as much owing to pride as to affection. She was bent on making a family, and having found out that ſhe was too ignorant, and too much trained to the habits of getting money, ever to hope to make a figure herſelf, ſhe looked to her daughters as the perſons who were to raiſe the family of the Bragwells: And in this hope ſhe fooliſhly ſubmitted to any drudgery for their ſakes, and to any impertinence from them.

The firſt wiſh of her heart was to ſet them above their neighbours; for ſhe uſed to ſay "what was the uſe of having ſubſtance, if her daughters might not carry themſelves above girls who had nothing?" To do her juſtice, ſhe herſelf would be about early and late to ſee that the buſineſs of the houſe was not neglect-

ed. She had been bred to great induſtry, and continued to work when it was no longer neceſſary, both from early habit, and the deſire of heaping up money for her daughters. Yet her whole notion of gentility was, that it conſiſted in being rich and idle, and though ſhe was willing to be a drudge herſelf, ſhe reſolved to make her daughters gentlewomen. To be well dreſſed, and to do nothing, or nothing that was of any uſe, was what ſhe fancied diſtinguiſhed people in genteel life. And this is too common a notion of a fine education among ſome people. They do not eſteem things by their uſe, but by their ſhew. They eſtimate the value of their children's education by the money it coſts, and not by the knowledge and goodneſs it beſtows. People of this ſtamp often take a pride in the expence of learning, inſtead of taking pleaſure in the advantage of it. And the ſilly vanity of letting others ſee that they can afford any thing, often ſets parents on letting their daughters learn not only things of no uſe, but things which may be really hurtful in their ſituation; either by ſetting them above their proper duties, or

by taking up their time in a way inconſiſtent with them.

Mrs. Bragwell ſent her daughters to a boarding School, where ſhe wiſhed them to hold up their heads as high as any body; to have more ſpirit than *to be put upon* by any one, never to be pitiful about money, but rather to ſhew that they could ſpend with the beſt; to keep company with the richeſt girls in the School, and to make no acquaintance with Farmer's Daughters.

They came home at the uſual age of leaving School, with a large portion of vanity grafted on their native ignorance. The vanity was added but the ignorance was not taken away. Of Religion they could not poſſibly learn any thing, ſince none was taught, for at that place it was conſidered as a part of education which belonged only to Charity Schools. Of knowledge they got juſt enough to laugh at their fond parents' ruſtic manners and vulgar language, and juſt enough taſte to deſpiſe and ridicule every girl who was not as vainly dreſſed as themſelves.

The Mother had been comforting herſelf for the heavy expence of their bringing up, by looking forward to the pleaſure of ſeeing them become fine ladies, and to the pride of marrying them above their ſtation.

Their Father hoped alſo that they would be a comfort to him both in ſickneſs and in health. He had no learning himſelf, and could write but poorly, and owed what ſkill he had in figures to his natural turn for buſineſs. He hoped that his daughters, after all the money he had ſpent on them, would now write his letters and keep his accounts. And as he was now and then laid up with a fit of the gout, he was enjoying the proſpect of having two affectionate children to nurſe him.

When they came home however, he had the mortification to find, that though he had two ſmart ſhowy ladies to viſit him, he had neither dutiful daughters to nurſe him, nor faithful ſtewards to keep his books. They neither ſoothed him by kindneſs when he was ſick, nor helped him when he was buſy. They thought

the maid might take care of him in the gout as ſhe did before. And as to their ſkill in cyphering he ſoon found to his coſt, that though they knew how to *ſpend* both Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, yet they did not know ſo well how to caſt them up.

Mrs. Bragwell one day being very buſy in making a great dinner for the neighbours, ventured to requeſt her daughters to aſſiſt in making the paſtry. They aſked her ſcornfully "whether ſhe had ſent them to Boarding School to learn to cook; and added, that they ſuppoſed ſhe would expect them next to make puddings for the hay-makers." So ſaying they coolly marched off to their muſic. When the Mother found her girls were too polite to be of any uſe, ſhe would take comfort in obſerving how her parlour was ſet out with their Fillagree and Flowers, their Embroidery and cut paper. They ſpent the morning in bed, the noon in dreſſing, the evening at the Spinnet, and the night in reading Novels.

With all theſe fine qualifications it is eaſy to ſuppoſe that as they deſpiſed their

ſober duties, they no leſs deſpiſed their plain neighbours. When they could not get to a horſe race, a petty ball, or a ſtrolling play, with ſome company as idle and as ſmart as themſelves, they were driven for amuſement to the Circulating Library. Jack the plowboy, on whom they had now put a livery jacket, was employed half his time in trotting backwards and forwards with the moſt wretched traſh the little neighbouring book ſhop could furniſh. The choice was often left to Jack, who could not read, but who had general orders to bring all the new things, and a great many of them.

Things were in this ſtate, or rather growing worſe, for idleneſs and vanity are never at a ſtand; when theſe two wealthy farmers, Bragwell and Worthy met at Weyhill Fair, as was ſaid before. After many hearty ſalutations had paſſed between them, it was agreed that Mr. Bragwell ſhould ſpend the next day with his old friend, whoſe houſe was not many miles diſtant, which Bragwell invited himſelf to do in the following manner, " we have not had a comfortable day's chat for years, ſaid he, and as I am to

look at a drove of lean beaſts in your neighbourhood, I will take a bed at your houſe, and we will paſs the evening in debating as we uſed to do. You know I always loved a bit of an argument, and am reckoned not to make the worſt figure at our club: I had not, to be ſure, ſuch good learning as you had, becauſe your father was a Parſon, and you got it for nothing. But I can bear my part pretty well for all that. When any man talks to me about his learning, I aſk if it has helped him to get a good eſtate; if he ſays no, then I would not give him a ruſh for it; for of what uſe is all the learning in the world if it does not make a man rich? But as I was ſaying, I will come and ſee you to-morrow; but now don't let your wife put herſelf into a fuſs for me. Don't alter your own plain way, for I am not proud I aſſure you, nor above my old friends, though I thank GOD I am pretty well in the world.

To all this flouriſhing ſpeech Mr. Worthy coolly anſwered, that certainly worldly proſperity ought never to make any man proud ſince it is GOD who giveth ſtrength to get riches, and without his

bleſſing *'tis in vain to riſe up early and to eat the bread of carefulness.*

About the middle of the next day Mr. Bragwell reached Mr. Worthy's neat and pleaſant dwelling. He found every thing in it the reverſe of his own. It had not ſo many ornaments but it had more comforts. And when he ſaw his friend's good old faſhioned arm chair in a warm corner, he gave a ſigh, to think how his own had been baniſhed to make room for his daughter's Muſic. Inſtead of made flowers in glaſs caſes, and a tea cheſt and ſcreen too fine to be uſed, and about which he was cautioned, and ſcolded as often as he came near them, he ſaw a neat ſhelf of good books for the ſervice of the family, and a ſmall medicine cheſt for the benefit of the poor.

Mrs. Worthy and her daughters had prepared a plain but neat and good dinner. The tarts were ſo excellent that Bragwell felt a ſecret kind of regret that his own daughters were too genteel to do any thing ſo very uſeful. Indeed he had been always unwilling to believe that any thing which was very proper and very

neceſſary, could be ſo extremely vulgar and unbecoming as his daughters were always declaring it to be. And his late experience of the little comfort he found at home, inclined him now ſtill more ſtrongly to ſuſpect that things were not ſo right as he had been made to ſuppoſe. But it was in vain to ſpeak; for his daughters conſtantly ſtopped his mouth by a favourite ſaying of theirs, "better be out of the world than out of the faſhion."

Soon after dinner the women went out to their ſeveral employments, and Mr. Worthy being left alone with his gueſt the following diſcourſe took place.

Bragwell. You have a couple of ſober, pretty looking girls, Worthy; but I wonder they do not tip off a little more. Why my girls have as much fat and flour on their heads as would half maintain my reapers in ſuet pudding.

Worthy. Mr. Bragwell, in the management of my family, I don't conſider what I might afford only, though that is one great point; but I conſider alſo what is needful and becoming in a man of my

ſtation, for there are ſo many uſeful ways of laying out money, that I feel as if it were a ſin to ſpend one unneceſſary ſhilling. Having had the bleſſing of a good education myſelf, I have been able to give the like advantage to my daughters. One of the beſt leſſons I have taught them is, to know themſelves: and one proof that they have learnt this leſſon is, that they are not above any of the duties of their ſtation. They read and write well, and when my eyes are bad they keep my accounts in a very pretty manner. If I had put them to learn what you call *genteel things* theſe might either have been of no uſe to them, and ſo both time and money might have been thrown away; or they might have proved worſe than nothing to them by leading them into wrong notions, and wrong company. Though we don't wiſh them to do the laborious parts of the dairy work, yet they always aſſiſt their Mother in the management of it. As to their appearance, they are every day nearly as you ſee them now, and on Sundays they are very neatly dreſſed, but it is always in a decent and modeſt way. There are no lappets, fringes, furbelows, and tawdry ornaments, fluttering about

among my cheeſe and butter. And I ſhould feel no vanity, but much mortification, if a ſtranger ſeeing Farmer Worthy's daughters at Church ſhould aſk who thoſe fine ladies were?

Bragwell. Now I own I ſhould like to have ſuch a queſtion aſked concerning my daughters. I like to make people ſtare and envy. It makes one feel oneſelf ſomebody. But as to yourſelf, to be ſure you beſt know what you can afford. And indeed there is ſome difference between your daughters and the Miſs Bragwells.

Worthy. For my part, before I engage in any expence I always aſk myſelf theſe two ſhort queſtions, Firſt, can I afford it?—Secondly—Is it proper for me?

Bragwell. Do you ſo? Now I own I aſk myſelf but one. For if I find I can afford it, I take care to make it proper for me. If I can pay for a thing, no one has a right to hinder me from having it.

Worthy. Certainly. But a man's own prudence and ſenſe of duty, ought to pre-

vent him from doing an improper thing, as effectually as if there were ſomebody to hinder him.

Bragwell. Now I think a man is a fool who is hindered from having any thing he has a mind to; unleſs indeed he is in want of money to pay for it; I am no friend to debt. A poor man muſt want on.

Worthy. But I hope my children have learnt not to want any thing which is not proper for them. They are very induſtrious, they attend to buſineſs all day; and in the evening they ſit down to their work and a good book. I think they live in the fear of GOD. I truſt they are humble and pious, and I am ſure they ſeem cheerful and happy. If I am ſick, it is pleaſant to ſee them diſpute which ſhall wait upon me; for they ſay the maid cannot do it ſo tenderly as themſelves.——

This part of the diſcourſe ſtaggered Bragwell. Vain as he was, he could not help feeling what a difference a religious and a worldly education made on the

heart, and how much the former regulated even the natural temper. Another thing which ſurpriſed him was, that theſe girls living a life of domeſtic piety, without any public diverſions, ſhould be ſo very cheerful and happy, while his own daughters, who were never contradicted, and were indulged with continual amuſements, were always ſullen and ill-tempered. That they who were more humoured ſhould be leſs grateful and happy, diſturbed him much. He envied Worthy the tenderneſs of his children, though he would not own it, but turned it off thus.

Bragwell. But my girls are too ſmart to make mopes of, that is the truth. Though ours is ſuch a lonely village, 'tis wonderful to ſee how ſoon they get the faſhions. What with the deſcriptions in the Magazines, and the pictures in the pocket Books, they have them in a twinkling, and out-do their patterns all to nothing. I uſed to take in the County Journal, becauſe it was uſeful enough to ſee how Oats went, the time of high water, and the price of Stocks. But when my ladies came home forſooth, I was ſoon

wheedled out of that, and forced to take a London paper, that tells a deal about caps and feathers, and all the trumpery of the quality. When I want to know what hops are a bag, they are ſnatching the paper to ſee what violet ſoap is a pound. And as to the dairy, they never care how Cow's milk goes, as long as they can get ſome ſtuff which they call Milk of Roſes.

Worthy. But do your daughters never read?

Bragwell. Read! I believe they do too. Why our Jack the Plow boy ſpends half his time in going to a ſhop in our Market town, where they let out books to read with marble covers. And they ſell paper with all manner of colours on the edges, and gim cracks, and powder-puffs, and waſh-balls, and cards without any pips, and every thing in the world that's genteel and of no uſe. 'Twas but t'other day I met Jack with a baſket full of theſe books, ſo having ſome time to ſpare, I ſat down to ſee a little what they were about.

Worthy. Well, I hope you there found what was likely to improve your daughters, and teach them the true uſe of time.

Bragwell. O as to that, you are pretty much out. I could make neither head nor tail of it. It was neither fiſh, fleſh, nor good red-herring. It was all about my Lord, and Sir Harry and the Captain. But I never met with ſuch nonſenſical fellows in my life. Their talk was no more like that of my old landlord, who was a Lord you know, nor the Captain of our fencibles, than chalk is like cheeſe. I was fairly taken in at firſt, and began to think I had got hold of a *godly* book, for there was a deal about "hope and deſpair, and heaven, and Angels, and torments, and everlaſting happineſs." But when I got a little on, I found there was no meaning in all theſe words, or if any, 'twas a bad meaning. "Miſery" perhaps only meant a diſappointment about a bit of a letter: and "everlaſting happineſs" meant two people talking nonſenſe together for five minutes. In ſhort, I never met with ſuch a pack of lies. The people talk ſuch gibberiſh as no folks in their ſober ſenſes ever talked;

and the things that happen to them are not like the things that ever happen to any of my acquaintance. They are at home one minute, and beyond ſea the next. Beggars to-day, and Lord's to-morrow. Waiting maids in the morning, and Ducheſſes at night. You and I, Maſter Worthy, have worked hard many years, and think it very well to have ſcraped a trifle of money together, you a few hundreds I ſuppoſe, and I a few thouſands. But one would think every man in theſe books had the Bank of England in his ſcrutoire. Then there's another thing which I never met with in true life. We think it pretty well you know, if one has got one thing, and another has got another. I'll tell you how I mean. You are reckoned ſenſible, our Parſon is learned, the Squire is rich, I am rather generous, one of your daughters is pretty, and both mine are genteel. But in theſe books, (except here and there one, whom they make worſe than Satan himſelf) every man and woman's child of them, are all wiſe, and witty, and generous, and rich, and handſome, and genteel. Nobody is middling, or good in one thing, and bad in another, like my live acquaintance.

But 'tis all up to the ſkies, or down to the dirt. I had rather read Tom Hickathrift, or Jack the Giant killer.

Worthy. You have found out Mr. Bragwell, that many of theſe books are ridiculous, I will go farther, and ſay, that to me they appear wicked alſo. And I ſhould account the reading of them a great miſchief, eſpecially to people in middling and low life, if I only take into the account the great loſs of time ſuch reading cauſes, and the averſion it leaves behind for what is more ſerious and ſolid. But this, though a bad part is not the worſt. Theſe books give falſe views of human life. They teach a contempt for humble and domeſtic duties; for induſtry, frugality, and retirement. Want of youth and beauty, is conſidered as ridiculous. Plain people, like you and me, are objects of contempt. Parental authority is ſet at naught. Nay, plots and contrivances, againſt parents and guardians, fill half the volumes. They make love the great buſineſs of human life, and even teach that it is impoſſible to be regulated or reſtrained, and to the indulgence of this paſſion every duty is therefore ſacrificed. A

country life, with a kind mother, or a ſober aunt, is deſcribed as a ſtate of intolerable miſery. And one would be apt to fancy, from their painting, that a good country houſe is a priſon, and a worthy father the goaler. Vice is ſet off with every ornament which can make it pleaſing and amiable; while virtue and piety are made ridiculous by tacking to them ſomething that is ſilly or abſurd. Crimes which would be conſidered as hanging matter at the Old Bailey, are here made to take the appearance of virtue, by being mixed with ſome wild flight of unnatural generoſity. Thoſe crying ſins, ADULTERY, GAMING, DUELS, and SELF MURDER, are made ſo familiar, and the wickedneſs of them is ſo diſguiſed, that even innocent girls get to loſe their abhorrence, and to talk with complacency of *things which ſhould not be ſo much as named by them.*

I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much on this miſchief, (continued Mr. Worthy,) from which I dare ſay, great folks fancy people in our ſtation are ſafe enough, if I did not know and lament that this corrupt reading is now got down even among

ſome of the loweſt claſs, And it is an evil which is ſpreading every day. Poor induſtrious girls, who get their bread by the needle, or the loom, ſpend half the night in liſtening to theſe books. Thus the labour of one girl is loſt, and the minds of the reſt are corrupted; for though their hands are employed in honeſt induſtry, which might help to preſerve them from a life of ſin, yet their hearts are at that very time polluted by ſcénes and deſcriptions which are too likely to plunge them into it. And I think I don't go too far, when I ſay, that the vain and ſhewy manner in which young women who have to work for their bread, have taken to dreſs themſelves, added to the poiſon they draw from theſe books, contribute together to bring them to deſtruction, more than almoſt any other cauſe. Now tell me, don't you think theſe wild books will hurt your daughters?

Bragwell. Why I do think they are grown full of ſchemes, and contrivances, and whiſpers, that's the truth on't. Every thing is a ſecret. They always ſeem to be on the look out for ſomething, and when nothing comes on't, then they

are ſulky and diſappointed. They will not keep company with their equals. They deſpiſe trade and farming, and I own, I'm for the ſtuff. I ſhould not like for them to marry any but a man of ſubſtance, if he was ever ſo ſmart. Now they will hardly ſit down with a ſubſtantial country dealer. But if they hear of a recruiting party in our Market Town, on goes the finery—off they are. Some ſlimſey excuſe is patched up. They want ſomething at the Book-ſhop, or the Millener's, becauſe I ſuppoſe there is a chance that ſome Jackanapes of an Enſign may be there buying a Sticking plaiſter. In ſhort I do grow a little uneaſy, for I ſhould not like to ſee all I have ſaved thrown away on a Knapſack.

So ſaying they both roſe, and walked out to view the Farm. Mr. Bragwell affected greatly to admire the good order of every thing he ſaw; but never forgot to compare it with ſomething larger, and handſomer, or better of his own. It was eaſy to ſee that *Self* was the ſtandard of perfection in every thing. All he poſſeſſed gained ſome increaſed value in his eyes from being his; and in ſurveying the pro-

perty of his friends, he derived food for his vanity, from things which ſeemed leaſt likely to raiſe it. Every appearance of comfort, or ſucceſs, or merit in any thing which belonged to Mr. Worthy, led him to ſpeak of ſome ſuperior advantage of his own of the ſame kind. And it was clear, that the chief part of the ſatisfaction he felt in walking over the farm of his friend, was cauſed by thinking how much larger his own was.

Mr. Worthy, who felt a kindneſs for him, which all his vanity could not cure, was on the watch how to turn their talk to ſome uſeful point. And whenever people reſolve to go into company with this view, it is commonly their own fault if ſome opportunity of turning it to account does not offer.

He ſaw Bragwell was intoxicated with pride, and undone by proſperity, and that his family was in the high road to ruin. He thought that if ſome means could be found to open his eyes on his own character, to which he was now totally blind, it might be of the utmoſt ſervice to him. The more Mr. Worthy reflected, the

more he wiſhed to undertake this kind office. He was not ſure that Mr. Bragwell would bear it, but he was very ſure it was his duty to attempt it. Mr. Worthy was very humble, and very candid, and he had great patience and forbearance with the faults of others. He felt no pride at having eſcaped the ſame error, for he knew who it was had *made them to differ*. He remembered that God had given him many advantages, a pious father and a religious Education; this made him humble under a ſenſe of his own ſins, and charitable towards the ſins of others, who had not the ſame privileges.

Juſt as he was going to try to enter into a very ſerious converſation with his gueſt, he was ſtopped by the appearance of his daughter, who told them ſupper was ready.

Soon after ſupper Mrs. Worthy left the room with her daughters, at her huſband's deſire; for it was his intention to ſpeak more plainly to Bragwell than was likely to be agreeable to him before others.

The two farmers being ſeated at their little table, each in a handſome old faſhioned great chair, Bragwell began.

It is a great comfort, neighbour Worthy at a certain time of life to be got above the world; my notion is, that a man ſhould labour hard the firſt part of his days and that he may then ſit down and enjoy himſelf for the remainder. Now though I hate boaſting, yet as you are my oldeſt friend I am about to open my heart to you. Let me tell you then I reckon I have worked as hard as any man in my time, and that I now begin to think I have a right to indulge a little. I have got my money with a good character and I mean to ſpend it with credit. I pay every one his own, I ſet a good example, I keep to my church, I ſerve God, I honour the king, and I obey the laws of the land.

This is doing a great deal indeed, replied Mr. Worthy, but added he, I doubt that more goes to the making up all theſe duties than men are commonly aware of. Suppoſe then that you and I talk the matter over coolly, we have the evening be-

fore us. What if we ſit down together as two friends and examine one another.

Bragwell, who loved an argument, and was not a little vain both of his ſenſe and his morality, accepted the challenge, and gave his word that he would take in good part any thing that ſhould be ſaid to him. Worthy was about to proceed when Bragwell interrupted him for a moment, by ſaying,—But ſtop friend, before we begin I wiſh you would remember that we have had a long walk, and I want a little refreſhment; have you no liquor that is ſtronger than this cider? I am afraid it will give me a fit of the gout.

Mr. Worthy immediately produced a bottle of wine and another of ſpirits, ſaying though he drank neither ſpirits nor even wine himſelf, yet his wife always kept a little of each as a proviſion in caſe of ſickneſs or accident.

Farmer Bragwell prefered the brandy. and began to taſte it. Why, ſaid he, this is no better than Engliſh, I always uſe foreign myſelf. I bought this for foreign, ſaid Mr. Worthy. No no, it is

Engliſh ſpirits I aſſure you, but I can put you into a way to get foreign nearly as cheap as Engliſh. Mr. Worthy replied that he thought that was impoſſible.

Bragwell. O no, there are ways and means—a word to the wiſe—there is an acquaintance of mine that lives upon the ſouth coaſt—you are a particular friend and I will get you a gallon for a trifle.

Worthy. Not if it be ſmuggled Mr. Bragwell, though I ſhould get it for ſixpence a bottle.—Aſk no queſtions, ſays the other, I never ſay any thing to any one, and who is the wiſer? And ſo this is your way of obeying the laws of the land, ſaid Mr. Worthy—here is a fine ſpecimen of your morality.

Bragwell. Come, come, don't make a fuſs about trifles. If every one did it indeed it would be another thing, but as to my getting a drop of good brandy cheap, why that can't hurt the revenue much.

Worthy. Pray Mr. Bragwell what ſhould you think of a man who would dip

his hand into a bag and take out a few guineas.

Bragwell. Think; why I think that he ſhould be hanged to be ſure.

Worthy. But ſuppoſe that bag ſtood in the king's treaſury.

Bragwell. In the king's treaſury! worſe and worſe! What, rob the king's treaſury. Well I hope the robber will be taken up and executed, for I ſuppoſe we ſhall all be taxed to pay the damage.

Worthy. Very true. If one man takes money out of the treaſury others muſt be obliged to pay the more into it; but what think you if the fellow ſhould be found to have ſtopped ſome money *in it's way* to the treaſury inſtead of taking it out of the bag after it got there.

Bragwell. Guilty, Mr. Worthy, it is all the ſame in my opinion. If I was a Jury-man, I ſhould ſay guilty, death.

Worthy. Hark ye Mr. Bragwell, he that deals in ſmuggled brandy, is the man

who takes to himſelf the king's money in it's way to the treaſury, and he as much robs the government as if he dipt his hands into a bag of guineas in the treaſury chamber. It comes to the ſame thing exactly. Here Bragwell ſeemed a little offended. What Mr. Worthy; do you pretend to ſay I am not an honeſt man becauſe I like to get my brandy as cheap as I can? and becauſe I like to ſave a ſhilling to my family? Sir, I repeat it, I do my duty to God and my neighbour.—I ſay the Lord's prayer moſt days, I go to church on Sundays, I repeat my creed and keep the ten commandments, and though I may now and then get a little brandy cheap, yet upon the whole, I will venture to ſay, I do as much as can be expected of any man.

Worthy. Come then, ſince you ſay you keep the commandments, you cannot be offended if I aſk you whether you underſtand them.

Bragwell. To be ſure I do. I dare ſay I do, lookee, Mr. Worthy, I don't pretend to much reading, I was not bred to it as you were. If my father had been a parſon I fancy I ſhould have made as good a

figure as ſome other folks, but I hope good ſenſe and *a good heart* may teach a man his duty without much ſcholarſhip.

Worthy. To come to the point let us now go through the ten commandments, and let us take along with us thoſe explanations of them which our Saviour gave us in his ſermon on the mount.

Bragwell. Sermon on the mount! why the ten commandments are in the 20th chapter of Exodus. Come, come, Mr. Worthy, I know where to find the commandments as well as you do, for it happens that I am church-warden, and I can ſee from the altar piece where the ten commandments are without your telling me, for my pew directly faces it.

Worthy. But I adviſe you to read the ſermon on the mount, that you may ſee the full meaning of them.

To Be Continued.